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Years Record.

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**KIDNEY & LIVER**  
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**BLAINE & CLEVELAND**

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**SPECIAL OFFER**  
**To Actual Settlers**  
open only between the 1st  
dept. March and the 31st.

**FOR \$3 PER ACRE**

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**RAILROAD**  
FOR  
**Philadelphia,**  
**AND**  
**WASHINGTON**

The Favorite Line with Pullman  
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Trains leave Boston at 6.30 P.

Direct connections for West Point and Catskill Mountain.

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Leave Boston at 9.00 A.M., 2 P.M. and 9.55 P.M.; returning, leave 11.00 A.M., 11.35 P.M. week days.  
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# The Poet's Corner.

## "OLD IPWICH"

BY HENRY PERCIVAL SPENCER.

(Read on the occasion of the celebration of the 250th Anniversary of Ipswich, Mass., Aug. 18, 1884.)

Glad that two centuries and a half  
Have closed your happy labor,  
From all your rivers' waters  
A greeting to your neighbors.

And now with spry and light  
Of many a summer's day,  
Old Gloucester, calm and bright  
Her triple crown on her brow.

White Swanbury Brook o'er her crest,  
Wine-colored the valley below,  
Great towers and hamlets up and down  
The windy coast reclining.

Not less alive. But whose whose  
Left fair Arden's woods,  
Remembering warm and welcome hearts  
Your festive air beaming.

Song, too, fair Arden's woods,  
Should swell your merry dance,  
From children of the City of Dreadful Night,  
From little of the Alps.

For when great flocks walked in  
Of battle's fire and blood,  
Where stout hearts sang as harvest fell  
And stout hearts sang as harvest fell.

Wide have you spread your greenest  
Will, and repeated o'er,  
And dropped, as showers drop on heaven,  
Your gracious benediction.

Sweet Ipswich, through your rock  
And at your foot your river,  
Remembering warm and welcome hearts  
Your festive air beaming.

Forever and forever!  
Forever may your civic heart  
Thrill, as in days long vanished,  
Responsive to the aspirant cry  
Of freedom and of peace.

And never may the hearts of mine  
To grateful memory yield,  
But as in cloud-captured  
To rain and sunshine's gleam.

Forever may your river flow  
In song, in laughter, in  
To loss in flowing hours,  
And never on its banks be seen.

And in dark and purple, bright  
In green and golden, bright  
Fresh as the morning, over  
Unchanged your sea-born meadows.

Still may the flashing sea greet  
And from beneath the sand,  
As when they saw the world  
Beneath old Winton's highland.

And over on your hundred years  
The herds browse, and the swallows  
Pierce the salt air and dip  
To seek your river's foam.

O blast may be the stored lands,  
The hills of Benches there,  
But to our hearts your river  
Must yet be something more.

And still the singer's song  
Pours out its melody,  
And Ipswich choir be fair,  
Isel can scarce be fairer.

# Ladies' Department.

## WANTED A WIFE.

Jack Horby, of Braintree College, Oxford, had just finished his

fast piece, on the last day of the summer term, 1880, when his attention was attracted by a story in his

newspaper, which was followed by the entrance of the well dressed

person of his college friend, Mr. Crofton, who had just returned

from his travels. "Come along in," said Horby, and light

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# THE TEMPEST INDOORS.

## MOLLY'S MISTAKE.

BY EMILY LENOX.

(Today's Lady's Book for September.)

In a cozy little cottage on the outskirts of town, lived Ben Crofton, a capable carpenter,

who had a pretty young wife and a small boy, Henry, just beginning to toddle. For

the most part, they were a happy family, though folks did not see Ben married

quite so long ago. Ben, however, was a good

husband, and his wife, Mrs. Crofton, was a

good mother. But in spite of all this, there was

something about Ben's home life that was not

quite right. It was not the fault of his wife, for

she was a good mother and a good wife. It was

not the fault of his children, for they were

happy and contented. It was not the fault of

his neighbors, for they were all good people.

It was not the fault of his money, for he was

well off. It was not the fault of his health, for

he was strong and well. It was not the fault of

his friends, for they were all good people.

It was not the fault of his house, for it was

comfortable and well kept. It was not the fault of

his life, for it was a good life. It was not the

fault of his death, for he was a good man.

It was not the fault of his soul, for it was

good. It was not the fault of his body, for it

was strong. It was not the fault of his mind,

for it was clear. It was not the fault of his

heart, for it was true. It was not the fault of

his hands, for they were good. It was not the

fault of his feet, for they were strong. It was

not the fault of his eyes, for they were clear.

It was not the fault of his ears, for they were

good. It was not the fault of his nose, for it

was true. It was not the fault of his mouth,

for it was good. It was not the fault of his

throat, for it was strong. It was not the fault

of his chest, for it was good. It was not the

fault of his stomach, for it was true. It was

not the fault of his liver, for it was good.

It was not the fault of his spleen, for it was

strong. It was not the fault of his lungs, for

they were good. It was not the fault of his

kidneys, for they were true. It was not the

fault of his bladder, for it was good. It was

not the fault of his bowels, for they were

strong. It was not the fault of his skin, for

it was good. It was not the fault of his hair,

for it was true. It was not the fault of his

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fault of his teeth, for they were strong. It

was not the fault of his bones, for they were

good. It was not the fault of his muscles,

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his nerves, for they were good. It was not

the fault of his blood, for it was strong. It

was not the fault of his sweat, for it was

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# ON THE ROAD.

## ON THE ROAD.

Slip, snap,  
Clap, clap!

Great goodness! What is this rattling?

Dear! O dear!

'Tis the lively horse at the bottom dip!

Dine, dine!

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